THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 22, 1804.

Narrative of the Mutiny on Board the Africain Merchantman, belonging to Liverpool.

THE following narrative is chiefly extracted from the Barbadoes Expoſitor, of the 17th of November laſt, and is the firſt authenticated account which has yet come before the public, of a tranſaction which, at the time, excited a ſtrong intereſt in the maritime and mercantile world.—It relates to the ſhip Friendſhip, in the African trade, belonging to the port of Liverpool, of which Meſſrs. Brown, Huſon, M'Cawley, &c. are the owners. This ſhip was ſeized by the crew in Majumba Bay, in the abſence of the captain, about the end of the year 1801, but afterwards carried into Barbadoes by a ſtratagem of one of the crew.

In the autumn of 1801, the Friendſhip ſailed from Liverpool on a voyage to Africa and the Weſt Indies; early in October that year, ſhe arrived on the coaſt, and anchored in Majumba Bay; the captain having occaſion to go on ſhore for the purpoſe of bartering the commodities he carried for the natives of the country, the boat that conveyed him returned to the ſhip with intelligence, that that night he would ſtay aſhore; ſome of the ſeamen were at this time intoxicated.

At night, when the chief-mate, Kennedy, in the abſence of the captain had ſet the watch, and, as if ſuſpecting a conſpiracy, had come upon the quarter-deck, and wrapping himſelf in his ſurtout, had laid himſelf down to ſleep, the mutiny began. It was dark, and the utmoſt tumult and confuſion enſued. A part of the crew had poſſeſſed themſelves of fire-arms. Copeland, the ſurgeon, twice ſnapped a muſquet at the ſteward, and actually

fired it at M'Cawley, the third mate, and ſon of an owner of the veſſel. Kennedy and M'Cawley, unable to reſiſt, and maltreated by the mutineers, retired to the cabin, to which they afterwards confined them. The unfortunate Jelly, the ſecond mate, more reſolute, and leſs prudent perhaps, was killed by a ball from a muſquet, and inſtantly thrown overboard. While this ſcene of violence continued, the cable of the ſhip was cut, the ſails unfurled, and the ſhip got underweigh and put to ſea.

The leaders of the mutiny now aſſumed the command, and a few hours afterwards compelled the two mates, and ſuch others as they thought were not friendly to their projects, to quit the veſſel; and having put proviſions and water in the boat, they left them at the diſpoſal of providence, by whoſe protection they regained the African coaſt, and ſince arriving in this iſland, with the captain, have been the principal means of convicting theſe pirates. Sherborne, the boatſwain, had got into the boat, with intent to accompany them, but him the mutineers detained; his ſervices were neceſſary to the execution of their daring ſcheme, for he was the only man remaining on board whoſe knowledge of navigation enabled him to direct the veſſel's courſe; that courſe, after ſome conſultation, the mutineers agreed ſhould be for ſome French port, and as the fitteſt for their purpoſe, they fixed on Cayenne.

They had not been many days at ſea, before a party of them, among whom was probably Jelley's murderer, impelled by the dread of the juſtice they merited, reſolved to leave the ſhip in the remaining boat, which they did, and have not hitherto been heard of.

Sherborne, in ſeeming obedience to their command to ſteer the veſſel for Cayenne, practiſed a moſt praiſe-worthy deception, though perilous in the extreme for himſelf; the firſt hour he took upon him to direct the ſhip, he formed a counterplot, to conduct the ſhip to Barbadoes, while he made the pirates believe he was carrying her to Cayenne; this he communicated only to the carpenter, Snowden, and another, in whoſe fidelity he depoſited his life; in the proſecution of it he met with deſerved ſucceſs; happily his intention was never diſcovered. As they approached Barbadoes, the ſloop of war, the Hornet, hove in ſight; then, in their terror, the pirates propoſed to plug up the ſhot-holes that were conſpicuous in various parts of the veſſel, as an expedient to elude enquiry and ſuſpicion; but the councils of villainy, under the influence of fear, are generally precipitate, unſteady, and unwiſe. Suffice it to relate, that on the ſhip's being boarded by the Hornet's boat, the whole was diſcloſed; the principals, named by the boatſwain and carpenter, ſecured, brought into Barbadoes, and committed to the priſon of

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that iſland to be tried for the heinous offences of which they were accuſed.

After a long and very intereſting trial, which took place on the 9th of November laſt, the preſident of the court declared, that the court had unanimouſly found Copeland, Carr, and Lewis, three of the priſoners, guilty, and acquitted Smith. He then, after a long and very excellent addreſs to the priſoners, in which he deſcanted on the ruinous nature of the crime they had committed to the deareſt intereſts of Great Britain, paſſed ſentence on the three unhappy men, and they were to be executed on the 18th of November.

HISTORY *of the* FAMILY *of* D——Y,

(Concluded from Page 304.*)*

IN this ſtate of myſterious uncertainty, things continued when Victoire died, and the whole family came to ſeek the heart-broken P—— at Sablé. During this mournful viſit, M. D——y and M. F——s being walking in the park, the afflicted ſtate of his family led the former to a review of many of the prominent features of his hiſtory, which he detailed to his friend. At length, he pauſed; for a moment he ſeemed to muſe; when ſnatching M. F——'s hand, " But (ſays he) there is one circumſtance which I muſt divulge to you ere I die: it has long lain heavy upon my heart, and I muſt requeſt your aſſiſtance in opening it to my family. You believe me to be a man of the correcteſt morals; but look at my grey hairs, and behold my bluſhes while I confeſs—that I have"—he ſtopped—" that I have"—he ſtopped again; the ſtruggle of his feelings was too powerful for utterance:—" that I have a ſon."—" A ſon!" exclaimed F—— with aſtoniſhment. " Yes, a ſon," replied the old gentleman; and La M—— is that ſon. He was born ſix months before my marriage with Madame des F——y; but incapable of abandoning the fruit of youthful indiſcretion to want and wretchedneſs, I attended at his birth. I ſealed him with an indelible mark upon each of his arms; I have viſited him in ſecret; I have educated him with care and tenderneſs; I have eſtabliſhed him in buſineſs; and, am happy to add, that all my cares are amply repaid. He is a young man of which the firſt family in the republic might be proud: for a long time have I ſighed for an opportunity to introduce him to my wife and daughters, as my ſon, but the uncertainty which hangs over me compelled me to be ſilent; I know not if they would receive him, and rejection would bring me with ſorrow to the grave: my daughter's attachment to him however now compels me; it is indiſpenſible that I now acknowledge him, and meet

the worſt. It muſt be your's to compleat your friendſhip for me by aiding me in this important eclairiſſement."

Without the ſmalleſt heſitation, M. F——s undertook the office, though difficult: his delight is to do good; and to ſay that the affair was managed by him, is to ſay that it was adroitly done.

To her eternal honour, Madame D——y flew into the arms of the trembling, hoping, La M——e, who had been firſt apprized of his relationſhip to the family about a year before—preſſed him to her boſom with a mother's fondneſs; declared ſhe would conſider herſelf his mother, and preſented him to her daughters as their brother. The daughters careſſed him with extaſy; kiſſed again and again the impreſſion upon his arms, and congratulated one another with the moſt unaffected joy on having found ſuch a brother; even ſhe whoſe fond hope was thus for ever cruſhed, ruſhed into his arms exclaiming—"If I may not preſs him to my breaſt as my huſband, I yet may embrace him as my brother."—And one and all united in declaring that he ſhould ſhare the family name and the family fortune with them.—But here La M——e begged leave to diſſent "the name he would receive with joy, and ever account it his higheſt honour—but nothing more.—His father had before given him an education—to crown the whole, he had now given him a mother and ſiſters tenderly eſteemed and beloved; and the welcome which they had given him to their hearts was enough—he wanted no more—he would receive no more." The conflict of generoſity was animated; but Madame D——y and her daughters were peremptory and inflexible: in fine, la M—— ſubmitted.

The father's feelings at this exquiſite moment were overwhelming—while the tears were chacing one another down the care-ploughed furrows of his countenance.—"My children (cried he, looking upon his daughters), you have bleſſed indeed your father: and you, Madame, (catching Madame D——y in his arms) never have you made me ſo completely happy as in this moment." A deed was immediately drawn up and executed by them all, adopting him as a ſon and a brother.

The developement of the myſtery was of too exquiſite a caſt for a breaking heart to bear!—the tide of bliſs which ruſhed in upon the family abſolutely overwhelmed, once more, the unhappy P——. He ſilently withdrew from the ſaloon: "Oh what would have been the emotions of his beloved Victoire had ſhe been permitted to ſee this happy day!—Oh, with what unfeigned joy would ſhe not have participated in her ſiſters' delight!—What would have been their feelings as hand in hand they ſtepped forward to receive a brother to their arms!" He was preſently miſſed by the joyous circle; their pleaſures could not render them forgetful of another's ſorrows—they divined the cauſe of his retirement, and immediately ſought for him,

him, wiſhing to divert his melancholy, and to warm his benighted ſoul in the rays of the ſunſhine which were juſt riſen upon them: alas! they knew not what were his feelings—they found him in the garden pacing the ground with unequal broken ſteps, turning his reproachful glances towards the ſky, his eyes ſtreaming with tears—his heart ſobbing with unutterable anguiſh. For wounds like his, there is no cure but ſympathy and indulgence—joy—nay more, even conſolation is poiſon till time has abated the keen ſenſe of ſuffering, and patience allayed the tempeſt! They mingled their tears once more together; it was all that they could do. The heavy laden heart was ſoothed, but to join the party was impoſſible.

Having conducted him to his apartment this amiable group of females returned to the ſaloon:—but what a group! ſuch a rare aſſemblage of worth ſeldom exhibits itſelf to the eyes of mortals; one would almoſt ſuppoſe that it were a celeſtial convoy come down "on errands full of love to bind up the broken-hearted," to repair the wrongs which M. D——y had ſuffered from his ungrateful countrymen, and bleſs the going down of his evening ſun!—Their hearts were heavy; P——s's anguiſh had carried them back to Victoire's dying bed—they wept for her, and they wept for him: the happy, happy father was waiting their return. "Unhappy P——s! (exclaims one of them as ſhe entered) he has loſt his wife! he has loſt his every thing on earth! but let us do whatever is poſſible, to mitigate his ſufferings; it is the only method of expreſſing our attachment to her which now remains. You had promiſed, Sir, to aſſociate him with you in the buſineſs: O let him be aſſociated ſtill, and let the fortune you had promiſed be paid him ſtill." One and all united in the requeſt. The venerable pair wept again with joy—they had never ſeen generoſity like this before, and felt juſtly proud of ſuch daughters!—"It ſhall be ſo my children (ſobs the delighted D——y): he ſhall receive his deſtined wife's portion, and he ſhall inſtantly be made a partner in the houſe; and happy ſhall I be if, when time ſhall ſoften his anguiſh, and Clemence be marriageable, he can fix the heart upon her which was once Victoire's!"

One thing only is now wanting farther to render us all (exclaims another) as completely happy as it is poſſible under the preſent circumſtances to be.—"You recollect, Sir, the fortune of my ſiſter Le C—— was paid in aſſignats—thoſe aſſignats are now become worth nothing: it is our united requeſt that her fortune be paid her anew in hard caſh, and each of us will joyfully bear her proportion of the loſs!" To requeſts like theſe it was impoſſible to withhold conſent. The inſtrument which acknowledged La M——e as a brother and a ſon, was no ſooner executed, than the notary was commanded to prepare others, to the effect above mentioned, which were inſtantly executed; and the countenance of each

each of theſe almoſt angelic females, beamed with more than human ſweetneſs as ſhe took the pen with which ſhe ſigned her dereliction of ſo large a portion of her inheritance!

Humanity never ſhone in brighter colours than on this memorable day—a day which lifted a burden more weighty than a mill-ſtone from D——y's heart; which gave to his wife juſt the ſon ſhe would have ſought of Heaven—a brother to her daughters—to P—— D——y and to Madame Le C——k tokens of friendſhip and affection moſt ſoftly ſoothing—richer than the mines of Potoſi—more eſtimable than all the gems of Golconda! Never before in this cold-blooded, money-calculating world have I met aught ſo noble, aught ſo divine!

My introduction to this family not only compenſates for all the pains, for all the dangers to which my excurſion to the continent has expoſed me, it puts me in good humour with my ſpecies again, it tells me that it is not totally corrupt, and gives me an anticipation of that ſublime excellence to which it will one day, I truſt, be elevated!

The wiſh of M. D——y with regard to P—— and his youngeſt daughter was cheriſhed by him to the laſt, but never more publicly hinted!—alas! he lived not to ſee that wiſh accompliſhed; his venerable partner was more happy! P—— D——y had too much good ſenſe, was too deeply affected by the memory of its kindneſs to look beyond the family at B—— A——; a family with which monarchs might be proud to ally themſelves, while there remained a ſiſter to fill his widowed arms; and Clemence, as ſhe advanced in years, advancing alſo in every charm which could engage the affection of a man of ſenſe, ſeemed to preſent to him every thing his heart could wiſh. He offered her his hand; and ſhe, conſcious of his worth, conſcious of her family's united wiſh, accepted it.

A Geographical, Hiſtorical, and Political View of the Iſland of St. Domingo.

(Continued from Page 309.)

IT muſt be obvious to any one, that all the way through this ill-fated expedition the means were inſufficient for the attainment of the object. It would ſeem that the Britiſh miniſtry expected the emigrant French to perform wonders in ſubduing the republican French. They did not duly conſider the motives (wholly ſelf-intereſt and diſappointment) which induced moſt of the planters to ſolicit Britiſh interference. But whatever were the faults, and with whomſoever the blame lay, it was too late to

profit by experience: the evil was paſt remedy. To ſend freſh troops to St. Domingo, after the mortality had been the ſubject of general converſation and general diſmay, was conſidered as dooming ſo many fellow creatures to an untimely end: to die, not in the field of honour, but on a peſtilential bed; not to be ſoothed in the laſt moments by the ſhouts of victory, as was the enviable lot of Wolfe; but to be ſhocked by the groans of youthful, and at the ſame time helpleſs, aſſociates!!

The reader muſt, therefore, prepare his mind for the mortification it will naturally receive in witneſſing the relinquiſhment of a deſign, which, had it been as wiſely planned and ably ſupported as it was gallantly and perſeveringly attempted, might have annexed a jewel to the Britiſh crown which could not fail to have greatly increaſed its luſtre. But, no! Whatever benevolence might have been blended with the political views of the Britiſh miniſters in their deſigns upon St. Domingo, the conflict in its origin was connected with the cauſe of liberty, and it was too late, by any language or by any act, to reconcile thoſe to peace and friendſhip whoſe eternal ſlavery or deſtruction had been reſolved on. Sir William Howe and his brother, the peer and admiral, have often been heard to ſay, that in any other conteſt than prerogative againſt liberty, the Engliſh forces and their allies muſt infallibly have prevailed over the Americans.

For ſome time before we were compelled to abandon this flattering enterpriſe, the Britiſh commanders were not without hopes of engaging the chief perſonage of the iſland in an alliance with their court. The number of whites in St. Domingo had been frightfully thinning ſince the troubles firſt began. One half of theſe warred againſt the other upon the diſtinct ground of republicaniſm or monarchy. But the blacks had a cauſe to fight for, which is drawn from nature herſelf. Theſe latter were firſt led on by mulattoes; men whoſe heads were more enlightened from education, but who, though free, lay under the moſt humiliating excluſions, and, conſequently, full of reſentments: it therefore is not ſurpriſing, that with conſtitutions to bear the climate and the fatigues incident to warfare under its deſtructive influence, the hardy ſons of Africa, with an object of ſuch mighty ſway before their eyes, ſhould exhibit from among their race, characters, able to diſcomfit their adverſaries, and aſtoniſh the world.

To one of theſe it may not be improper or unentertaining to appropriate a page of our work; more eſpecially as the narration of events in this wonderfully-changed colony is not thereby interrupted. It is far from clear, that, at the time of the Britiſh evacuating the iſland, the negro prodigy we are about to ſpeak of had baniſhed from his breaſt every friendly ſentiment towards the mother country. It is true, that his allowing General Maitland to preſcribe his own terms of evacuation in

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the ſpirit of a conqueror, and accepting preſents from him, created ſuſpicions at Paris of his fidelity to the republic; yet, in the diſtinct view of ambition and aggrandiſement, a motive for ſuch conduct may be fairly traced to an honourable ſource. Many ſenſible men affirm that it was the eternal cry of treaſon which determined Dumourier to become the traitor: and the ſame excuſe may undoubtedly be found for the hero of St. Domingo, ſince his enemies or rivals every day made the walls of Paris and its newſpapers echo and re-echo the prophecy of his lurking treaſon.

St. Domingo, however, now fell under the ſway of Touſſaint Louverture, a ſlave, but a native of the iſland; being born on the eſtate of the ci-devant count de Noe, at Breda, about four miles from Cape Francois. This black general, who has acted ſo conſpicuous a part on the theatre of war in St. Domingo, was about fifty years of age when he came into notice, for the influence he had gained over a great many of thoſe who had been bred up in the ſame ſtation with himſelf. His mind was naturally active, and he had devoted that time which he could ſpare from the labour of attending flocks, to learn to read and write. Monſieur Bayone, the overſeer, took him to be his coachman, and ſome time after gave him the charge of a number of ſlaves. On the breaking out of the troubles, he kept aloof from intrigue, and was never accuſed of offering violence of any kind to the white people who were maſſacred in 1791. He was intimate with Boukmant, Biaſſou, and Jean Francois; but his friendſhip for them did not ſeem to ſhake his regard and gratitude towards his maſter.

It has been ſaid, however, that this conduct was profound hypocriſy; that he only waited to ſee what would be the iſſue of the inſurrection; for, as ſoon as Biaſſou had ſucceeded in his deſigns, Touſſant fled to his camp, and accepted of his offer as ſecretary or confidential adviſer and agent. In this new office Touſſaint found ſcope for his genius. He diſplayed a wonderful talent for military affairs, and his general raiſed him to the rank of captain of his guards. Jealouſies and diviſions ſoon happening among the black chiefs, an opening was preſently made for him by deaths and treacheries to obtain the command of a diviſion.

In this rank he was, when the war breaking out between Spain and France, the former power engaged him and Jean Francois into their ſervice; the former with the rank of adjutant-general, and the latter with that of lieutenant-general of the armies of the king of Spain in their part of St. Domingo, then called Hiſpaniola. It was a new ſpectacle to behold men, who had a few years before performed the menial offices of their maſters' houſes, now clothed with diſtinctive marks of their rank, and decked with ribands, croſſes, and other emblems of high ſtation. They

firſt teſtified their zeal for their new maſter by making war upon the French; for, being ſurrounded by prieſts and emigrants, their ferocity was increaſed by being told they were God's avengers of the altar and the throne.

Polverel and Santhonax endeavoured to draw off Touſſaint from the Spaniſh ſervice into that of the republic. This they were able to do at laſt, when it was obvious that Spain was about to withdraw from an alliance, the continuance in which left no chance of advantage. Apprehending, however, that he might be made a ſacrifice at the peace, Touſſaint changed his party before the war between France and Spain was brought to an end.

The firſt act which ingratiated Touſſaint with the republicans was the circumſtance of his releaſing Lavaux, their general, from priſon in Cape Francois, into which he had been thrown by a ſeditious movement in that city, and of which the republican general was intended to be the victim. Touſſaint, at the head of ten thouſand men, marched againſt the city, entered it as a conqueror, and re-inſtated Lavaux in the functions of his government.

This unexpected event raiſed Touſſaint ſo high in the eſtimation of Lavaux, that he proclaimed him the avenger of the conſtituted authorities, and the ſaviour of the white people. The general farther complimented him as being that negro, that Spartacus foretold by the Abbé Raynal, whoſe deſtiny it ſhould one day be to avenge the wrongs committed on his race. He was now made general of diviſion and lieutenant-governor of St. Domingo. Thus elevated, he could eaſily prepare the way for the gratification of his ambition; and the conſtitution of 1795, i.e. the third year of the republic, arrived very opportunely for his purpoſe, by adding to his influence.

He was a great reader and admirer of the works of Raynal, and it is ſuppoſed by many that this was the period he firſt conceived deſigns of the future independence of the French colonies in the Weſt Indies. And yet it may be urged, in objection to this opinion, that, if he had ſeriouſly reſolved to make ſuch an attempt on St. Domingo, he would not have ſent his two ſons at this time to France for their education; thereby making them a kind of hoſtage for his loyalty. The truth is, that men of the greateſt minds, in ſituations of growing eminence and increaſing temptation, know not from day to day how they ſhall act; and if they are greatly captivated by the love of power, of controul, of wealth, they will make ſuch ſacrifices to obtain thoſe objects as the man under the ordinary circumſtances of life can form no notion of. If, however, Touſſaint had a deſign of playing the hypocrite, of taking an undue advantage of the effect this outward mark of his loyalty for the republic ſhould work in his favour, he was ſo far fortunate. It

coſt him nothing; the youths were returned to him by the fleet in which the army of Leclerc and Rochambeau embarked for St. Domingo. From the moment Lavaux was releaſed from his dungeon by Touſſaint, he never took any ſtep but in concert with his deliverer.

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM *and* MARY: A FRAGMENT.

TO EUGENIO.

IN one of thoſe delightful evenings of June, when the ſun had juſt ſunk beneath the horizon, I took my uſual walk on the ſeaſhore; you are aware my Eugenio, what a ſource of unceaſing amuſement this ſcene ever affords me; and ſince your departure, it is become more dear to me, as every rock and cavern recall to my remembrance the many happy hours we have ſpent in exploring theſe receſſes.

Having ſeated myſelf on my favourite crag, I reſumed my former contemplations on the wonders of the great deep—a ſubject truly too grand for our weak comprehenſions; but I had not long continued in this ſituation before a female voice arouſed me from my reverie—I ſtarted—and on looking around, beheld a young woman wandering on the ſand. Her ſteps were irregular, and her appearance altogether ſuch as to excite my intereſt and ſurpriſe. She was employed in gathering ſea-weeds and ſhells; and at intervals continued the ſong which firſt awakened my attention. Her voice was the moſt plaintive I ever heard, but the murmurs of the flowing tide prevented me from diſtinguiſhing the ſubject of her ditty.

After viewing her a ſhort time, I ventured to approach. She ſoon diſcovered me, and appeared greatly agitated; and when I proceeded to apologize for my intruſion, ſhe thus addreſſed me: "Haſt thou not ſeen my love? Ah, whither is he tarrying! —I have called him from the green chambers of the ocean, but he will not come. And when I would run to ſeek him, the cruel—cruel waves ſpurn me from their boſom; but haſt thou not ſeen my William?—Oh, my poor wretched heart—I have wove a garland to crown his pale forehead, but he will not—will not come."——She took me by the hand, and bathed it in tears —"And where is thy William?" ſaid I.—"Ah, Sir, (ſhe ſighed) he wanders in the caverns of the deep, and heeds not my complaint—His Mary is conſtant, but he has forgotten her; ſhe calls him, but he will not obey.—Ah cruel William!!"——She again wept—her blue eyes were lifted to Heaven, and her boſom throbbed wildly. I endeavoured to conſole her, but in vain; her grief ſtill continued, and frequent and deep ſighs betrayed the

the agony of her heart—ſhe would have remained longer on the ſhore, but the approach of night warned her to depart. I begged to conduct her, but ſhe forbade me, by ſaying "tarry here and I will come again—when the ſea roars I will come to ſeek my William—farewell."—She ſpoke this in ſo ſoft, ſo pathetic a tone, that I could not refrain from ſhedding tears of ſympathy and compaſſion—I looked after her as ſhe aſcended the narrow path that leads from the ſhore—ſhe frequently ſtopped and gazing in the ſea, waved her handkerchief in the air.

Poor wretched Mary!—farewell—thy ſorrows ſhall never be forgotten.—And oh, may the ever-merciful Creator ſoon unite thee to thy William in ſcenes of everlaſting felicity.—Adieu!

A Journal of the Miſſion of General Waſhington, when he was a very young Man, to carry Remonſtrances to the French Commanding Officer on the Ohio, and which was written by himſelf at the Time, has been publiſhed in the "Life of Waſhington." The following Extract is the concluding Part of that Journal.

OUR horſes were now ſo weak and feeble, and the baggage ſo heavy, (as we were obliged to provide all the neceſſaries which the journey would require), that we doubted much their performing it. Therefore, myſelf and others, except the drivers who were obliged to ride, gave up our horſes for packs, to aſſiſt along with the baggage. I put myſelf in an Indian walking dreſs, and continued with them three days, till I found there was no probability of getting home in any reaſonable time. The horſes became leſs able to travel every day; the cold increaſed very faſt; and the roads were becoming much worſe by a deep ſnow, continually freezing; therefore as I was uneaſy to get back, to make report of my proceedings to his honour the governor, I determined to proſecute my journey the neareſt way through the woods on foot.

Accordingly, I left Mr. Vanbraam in charge of our baggage, with money and directions to provide neceſſaries from place to place for themſelves and horſes, and to make the moſt convenient diſpatch in travelling.

I took my neceſſary papers, pulled off my clothes, and tied myſelf up in a watch-coat. Then, with gun in hand, and pack on my back, in which were my papers and proviſions, I ſet out with Mr. Giſt, fitted in the ſame manner, on Wedneſday the 26th. The day following, juſt after we had paſſed a place called Murdering Town, (where we intended to quit the path, and ſteer acroſs the country at Shannapins Town), we fell in with a party of French Indians who had lain in wait for us.

One of them fired at Mr. Giſt or me, not 15 ſteps off, but fortunately miſſed. We took this fellow into cuſtody, and kept him till about nine o'clock at night; then let him go, and walked all the remaining part of the night, without making any ſtop, that we might get the ſtart ſo far as to be out of the reach of their purſuit the next day, ſince we were well aſſured that they would follow our track as ſoon as it was light. The next day we contined travelling till quite dark, and got to the river, about two miles above Shannapins. We expected to have found the river frozen, but it was not, only about fifty yards from each ſhore: the ice I ſuppoſed had broken up above, for it was driving in vaſt quantities.

There was no way for getting over but on a raft, which we ſet about with but one poor hatchet, and finiſhed juſt after ſunſetting. This was a whole day's work; we next got it launched; then went on board of it and ſet off: but before we were half way over, we were jammed in the ice in ſuch a manner, that we expected every moment our raft to ſink and ourſelves to periſh. I put out my ſetting pole to try to ſtop the raft, that the ice might paſs by: when the rapidity of the ſtream threw it with ſo much violence againſt the pole, that it jerked me out into ten feet water. But I fortunately ſaved myſelf, by catching hold on one the raft logs. Notwithſtanding all our efforts, we could not get to either ſhore; but were obliged, as we were near an iſland, to quit our raft and make to it.

The cold was ſo extremely ſevere, that Mr. Giſt had all his fingers and ſome of his toes frozen; and the water was ſhut up ſo hard, that we found no difficulty in getting off the iſland on the ice in the morning, and went to Mr. Frazier's. We met here with twenty warriors who were going to the ſouthward to war. But coming to a place on the head of the Great Kanaw, where they found ſeven people killed and ſcalped, (all but one woman with very light hair,) they turned about and ran back, for fear the inhabitants ſhould riſe, and take them as the authors of the murder. They report that the bodies were lying about the houſe, and ſome of them much torn and eaten by the hogs. By the marks which were left, they ſay they were French Indians of the Ottoway nation, &c. who did it.

As we intended to take horſes here, and it required ſome time to find them, I went up about three miles to the mouth of Yohogany, to viſit Queen Aliquippa, who had expreſſed great concern that we paſſed her in going to the fort. I made her a preſent of a watch-coat and a bottle of rum: which letter was thought much the better preſent of the two.

Tueſday, the 1ſt of January, we left Mr. Frazier's houſe, and arrived at Mr. Giſt's at Monongahela, the 2d, where I bought a horſe, ſaddle, &c.

The

The 9th we met ſeventeen horſes loaded with materials and ſtores for a fort at the forks of the Ohio, and the day after ſome families going out to ſettle. This day we arrived at Willis's Creek, after as fatiguing a journey as it is poſſible to conceive; rendered ſo by exceſſive bad weather. From the 1ſt day of December to the 15th, there was but one day in which it did not rain or ſnow inceſſantly; and throughout the whole journey we met with nothing but one continued ſeries of cold wet weather, which occaſioned very uncomfortable lodgings; eſpecially after we had quitted our tent, which was ſome ſcreen from the inclemency of it.

Account of the Burning Well, near Chatigan, in the Eaſt Indies.

By the late SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE burning well is ſituated about twenty-two miles from Chatigan, at the termination of a valley ſurrounded by hills. I viſited it in 1778, and from recollection am enabled to give the following account of it. The ſhape of the well, or rather reſervoir, is oblong, about ſix feet by four, and the depth does not exceed twelve feet. The water, which is always cold, is ſupplied by a ſpring, and there is a conduit for carrying off the ſuperfluity; a part of the ſurface of the well, about a fourth, is covered with brick-work, which is nearly ignited by the flames which flaſh without intermiſſion from the ſurface of the water. It would appear that an inflammable vapour eſcapes through the water, which takes fire on contact with the external air; the perpetuity of the flame is occaſioned by the ignited brick-work, as without this, much of the vapour would eſcape without conflagration.

This was proved by taking away the covering of brick-work after the extinction of the heat, by throwing upon it the water of the well. The flames ſtill continued to burſt forth from the ſurface, but with momentary intermiſſions, and the vapour was always immediately kindled by holding a candle at a ſmall diſtance from the ſurface of the water. A piece of ſilver placed in the conduit for carrying off the ſuperfluous water, was diſcoloured in a few minutes, and an infuſion of tea gave a dark tinge to the water.

On the ſide of a hill, diſtant about three miles from the burning well, there is a ſpot of ground of a few feet only in dimenſions, from which flaſhes of fire burſt on ſtamping ſtrongly with the foot. The appearance of this ſpot reſembled that of earth, on which a fire had been kindled. I do not recollect whether it was hot to the touch.

ANECDOTE *of* PETER I. *of* RUSSIA.

A Book has been publiſhed in France, under the following title:—" Mes ſouvenirs de vingt ans de ſèjour à Berlin ou Frederic le Grand, ſa famille, ſa cour, &c." The author of this work is Diendonne Thiebault; it is prohibited at Peterſburgh; and although no motive is aſſigned for the rejection, it may be collected from the following anecdote, introduced into the work, reſpecting the illuſtrious founder of modern Ruſſia:

" When Peter I. undertook his journey into various parts of Europe (ſays M. Thiebault), on his arrival at Berlin, for his accommodation was aſſigned the apartment at preſent devoted to the civil and military academy, founded by Frederick I. The Pruſſian monarch was diſpoſed to give him a reception flattering to his pride, he therefore quitted his palace on foot, and took a long walk to meet him, attended by his miniſters, the officers of his houſehold, the commanders of his army, and the nobility of his court. Peter had alighted from his carriage, and having aſcended the firſt ſtory of the caſtle, was examining the architecture of the city. The next inſtant he perceived the proceſſion, and deſcending, exclaimed—" My royal brother, you have anticipated my wiſhes," and received the Pruſſian king at the portal of the manſion. After exchanging the uſual compliments, they entered into ſerious converſation.

" My dear brother (continued the czar), I travel to obtain information: I am a ſavage, who have been deprived of all the benefits of ſociety. I have every thing to learn; it is neceſſary for my happineſs, that all ſhould concur to relieve me from the pain of ignorance, and that every moment of my time ſhould be beneficially employed. I ſhall ſtay a very ſhort time at Berlin; but I wiſh you to inſtruct me how ſome things are performed in your diſtricts of Europe, which are very indifferently executed in my own dominions; and by way of beginning with one of the moſt important articles of intelligence, will you be good enough to order one of your ſubjects to be hanged to-morrow, that I may ſee how your executioners fulfil their duty? Frederick I. extremely embarraſſed, and not leſs ſurpriſed at this requeſt, replied, " That he would enquire at the ſeveral tribunals if any criminal had been condemned to ſuffer death." " What, ſaid Peter, " have you not ſo far the controul of your own vaſſals as to order whom you pleaſe to be hanged?"

" We are (returned Frederick) within the pale of the German empire, and to the imperial laws we muſt pay obedience." " I will (ſaid Peter) inſtantly remove your difficulty: take which of my attendants you pleaſe, and order him to be executed."

" The

" The laws to which I have adverted (replied Frederick) equally protect ſtrangers and natives." " It ſeems, then, you are deſtitute even of the ſhadow of authority; my Tartarian ſlaves are as much kings as you are." " The ſovereigns here (ſaid Frederick) have no power but what is countenanced and ſupported by public law."

Peter with great reluctance, made a temporary ſacrifice to theſe new principles, but acknowledged they were utterly inconſiſtent with the maxims of his own government.

COPY *of one of* CROMWELL's LETTERS *to his* WIFE.

MY DEAREST,

I Have not leiſure to write much, but I could chide thee, that in many of thy letters thou writeſt to me, that I ſhould not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much.

Thou art dearer to me than any creature: let that ſuffice. The Lord hath ſhewed us an exceeding mercy. Who can tell how great it is? My weak faith hath been upheld: I have been, in my inwardman, marvelloufly ſupported; though I aſſure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvelloufly ſtealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as faſt decreaſe! Pray on my behalf in the latter reſpect.

The particulars of our late ſucceſs Harry Vane or Gil. Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends.

Thine,

O. CROMWELL.

Dunbar, the 4th of September, 1650.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* FRENCH.

(Extracted from " The Stranger in France; or a Tour from Devonſhire to Paris.")

I Very often paſſed by the ci-devant hall of the national convention; in which the hapleſs king and queen were doomed to the ſcaffold; where murder was legitimated, religion denounced, and the grave declared to be the bed of eternal repoſe.

In vindication of the ways of eternal juſtice, even upon earth, this polluted pile is now participating the fate of its devoted members.

Thoſe

Thoſe walls which once reſounded with the florid declamation of republican viſionaries, the moſt worthleſs, impoſing, and deſperate of mankind, are prevented, for a ſhort time, by a few crazy props, from covering the earth below with their crazy ruins. The famed temple of the goddeſs of liberty, is not tenantable enough to cover the Babel deity from the peltings of the midnight ſtorm. Where is now the enthuſiaſtic Gironde, where the volcanic mountain, the fiery and eloquent Mirabeau, the wily Briſſot, the atheiſtic Lequinois, the remorſeleſs Marat, the bloody St. Juſte, and the chief of the deplumed and fallen legions of equality? All is deſolate and ſilent. The gaping planks of the guillotine are imbrued with their laſt traces. The haunt of the banditti is uncovered. The revolution has preyed upon her own children, and metaphyſical murderers have periſhed by the daggers of ſpeculative republicans.

About two years ſince this place was converted into a menagerie. The cave and the wilderneſs, the deſert and the jungle, preſented to the eye of the beholder, repreſentative ſucceſſors of thoſe ſavages who, with more power and more ferocity, were once incloſed within the ſame den.

ANECDOTE *of the late* MR. COSTELLO.

THE Iriſh barriſter of facetious memory, the very Erſkine of the day, for legal knowledge and able pleading, married, at a late period, a young and beautiful woman, who proved more attached to faſhionable reſorts than the domeſtic concerns of the ſage of the law, who, notwithſtanding ſome gentle reproofs, found it neceſſary to proceed to ſerious expoſtulation: "Madam," (ſaid the witty counſellor), "I think it high time to *divide* the *houſe* with you." "Oh! with all my heart, Sir," (replied the lady), "you could not gratify me more." "Then, Madam, I am reſolved to keep poſſeſſion of the *inſide*, the *outſide* is your's from this day!" He pronounced theſe words with ſo firm an emphaſis, as to ſtrike Mrs. Coſtello with the impropriety of her former conduct, and from that day ſhe became an amiable and affectionate wife.

REFLECTION.

THE proſligacy of the preſent age is in nothing more conſpicuous than in the indecent behaviour and dreſſes even of females whoſe ſituation in life ranks them above the lower orders. When women forget that delicacy which is the ornament of their ſex, it is no wonder that the men become diſſolute, eſpecially when they find that licentiouſneſs does not prevent introduction into the moſt poliſhed companies.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE learned Uſher, archbiſhop of Armagh, was born at Dublin in 1580, and was amongſt the firſt ſcholars admitted into the college there. He was in England at the time Charles the Firſt was beheaded, and was at the counteſs of Peterborough's houſe, over againſt Charing Croſs, to view the execution. When the primate ſaw the preparations, he grew pale, and would have fainted if he had not been carried away from the leads of the houſe, where he ſtood with the counteſs's gentlemen and ſervants. He died in 1656.

On the IMPROVEMENT *of* TIME.

WE are brought, through the kindneſs of providence, almoſt to the concluſion of another year. The wheels of time are rolling round, and hurrying us to the grave. How many millions of mankind have been removed from this world ſince the commencement of the preſent year, and were their verdict taken on this ſubject they would all exclaim, "whatever, ye mortals, your hands find to do, do it with your might, for there is no wiſdom, nor knowledge, nor device in the grave, whither you are all going," as faſt as the wings of time can carry you along.

They would tell us, that they were once entruſted with the ſame talent we are entruſted with, and that ſome of them made an improvement of it, but all had reaſon to complain of paſt negligence, and to adore that God who had not taken advantage of their folly. Life is very uncertain, and the coming year may be our laſt. Cultivate virtuous friendſhip, for that will be as laſting as the deathleſs mind, and will expand itſelf in the ſtate of bleſſedneſs.

Anſwer, by J. Patch, at Mr. Quant's School at Everſhot, to the Queſtion, inſerted June 25.

FIRST 20—3=17 years, the number the lady lived ſingle, and 9×3=years a wife. Now admit 3 and 6 the two digits, whoſe ſum =9×4=36, agreeably to the queſtion. Conſequently 36×27×17=80 years, the age of the lady required.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from R. Thomas, of Bridgewater; Bidefordienſis; J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtle; G. Geach, of Wadebridge; W. Trenchard, of Everſhot; and P. Gove, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by G. Hann, Jun. of Stoke Abbot, to J. T. Symons's Charade, inſerted Auguſt 27.

YOUR parts, when ſolv'd, and join'd aright,
The goddeſs, HEBE, bring to ſight.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, William Strong, W. Commins, and S. Murch, of Exeter; M. of Sidbury; and W. Gifford, of South Petherton.

Anſwer, by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth, to Inamoratus's Charade, inſerted the 21ſt of September.

WITHIN gay TOPSHAM, Sir, I fancy,
Reſides the darling of your ſoul;
O! may your days, when join'd with Nancy,
In pleaſure and contentment roll!

†‡† We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, Thomas Whicker, W. Strong, S. Murch, and P. Gove, of Exeter; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; W. Bickham, Jun. and R. Mudge, of Aſhburton; and G. Holland, jun. and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot.

Anſwer, by J. Channon, of Ottery, to W. Bickham's Charade, inſerted Sept. 3.

YOUR curious lines I here unfold,
In gardens grow the MARIGOLD.

§‡§ We have received the like anſwer from W. Commins, T. Whicker, W. Strong, and P. Gove, of Exeter; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; William Gifford, of South Petherton; E. R. Bickham, jun of Newton Buſhel; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; and R. Mudge, of Aſhburton.

A CHARADE, *by J. T. S. of Exeter.*

MY firſt's a colour often ſeen;
My next in a farm yard hath been;
Both parts when join'd, perhaps you'll own,
In Eſſex 'tis a famous town.

An ANAGRAM, *by Primroſe, of Taunton.*

A Noted river bring to view;
Expunge a letter from the fame;
And then, by tranſpoſition, you
May find a cruel emp'ror's name.

A REBUS, *by E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel.*

POETIC youths, a fruit produce;
A vowel next define;
A bird explain; and what doth reign
Too oft among mankind.

The initials found, you will expound,
A poet known full well;
Whoſe works of fame, and much-lov'd name,
Will future ages tell.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

On my ſecond Excurſion to Truro in the Kittereen, on Friday the 31ſt of Auguſt.

AH me! I am doleful indeed,
To think on the joys I poſſeſs'd,
When I ſported around the gay mead
With the beautiful nymphs of the weſt.

When Thomas* drove up to the door,
I thought I ſhould die with deſpair;
But I ceas'd for awhile to deplore,
When I ſaw that Maria was there.

Like Adam from paradiſe driv'n,
I oft look'd behind in ſuſpence,
And griev'd to reſign my ſweet heaven,
Tho' an angel eſcorted me thence.

After rolling eleven long miles,
At Camborne, Maria and I,
Forſook, for a ſeaſon, our toils,
To partake of a famous *fowl-pie*.

We return'd to our ſtations well-pleas'd,
And found two fair paſſengers more;
By my faith I was never ſo ſqueez'd,
By ſuch elegant damſels before.

The one that was plac'd by my ſide
Each perſonal beauty poſſeſs'd;
For ſuch charms would a coward have died
Had ſhe kindled a flame in his breaſt.

She gave me an apple—I bow'd,
And felt the moſt exquiſite bliſs;
Sure Venus was never more proud,
When Paris preſented her his.

Ah Thomas! if ever I live,
Again, dear Hilaria! to ſee;
To thee I'll the preference give,
Since I always find angels with thee.

Indeed, ſo good-natur'd art thou,
That thy mirth all my trouble beguiles;
And the ladies muſt ever allow
The charms of thy numberleſs ſmiles.

In thee I oft found a ſource
Of pleaſure to conquer the ſpleen;
So, long life to thyſelf and thy horſe,
And ſucceſs to the fam'd kittereen.

Dock. PALEMON.

* The driver—an honeſt, good-natured fellow.

Lines from a Huſband to his Wife, on the fourteenth Anniverſary of their Marriage, July 6, 1804.

NOW balmy zephyrs fan the grove,
And ſcatter rich perfumes around;
And feather'd ſongſters, warbling love,
In ev'ry verdant buſh are found.

An Eden all the land appears,
Rejoicing at the ſolar blaze;
Her gayeſt livery nature wears,
And all her richeſt hues diſplays.

The flowery nations court our eyes,
And paint with beauty hill and vale;
In every ſhape behold them riſe,
And load with fragrance every gale.

While Flora weaves her chaplets gay,
Pomona tends her luſcious flores;
From which, in autumn's future day,
Neſtareous juice the goddeſs pours.

Such are the ſcenes, which every year
With that delightful day combine,
Which bade me baniſh hope and fear,
And call Eliza wholly mine.

Round yon bright orb, ſince that bleſt hour,
The earth has fourteen circuits roll'd;
And, thanks to Heaven's beſtowing power,
Has bid new forms of bliſs unfold.

Each flying year has cloſer tied
The ſacred hymeneal band.
More dearly lov'd!—my ſweeteſt bride,
Accept again your Edmund's hand.

His heart he cannot now beſtow,
For, poor or rich, 'tis all your own;
And 'tis his greateſt joy to know,
That to Eliza's breaſt 'tis flown.

There

There, like a miſer, ſee it ſit
To watch its more than diamond mine;
Nor will it the dear treaſure quit
'Till Heaven command it to reſign.

Far diſtant, if it pleaſe the Power,
That orders all things here below,
Be that diſtreſſing fatal hour
That is to deal the ſevering blow.

This, beſt of women, ever dear!
This is the ſober, honeſt lay
Which, paſt the fourteenth happy year,
Still growing love bids Edmund pay.

And if Almighty Power beſtows
Its boons, and fourteen more are given,
May every moment, as it flows,
But bring us nearer God and Heaven!

Sidmouth, July 6, 1804.

TO MEMORY.

Written by Miſs CAROLINE SYMMONS, *daughter of the Rev. Dr. Symmons who died June 1, 1803, of a Pulmonary Complaint, aged only fourteen Years.*

HAIL memory! celeſtial maid,
Who lov'ſt with ſolitude to dwell,
Under the mountain's rugged ſhade,
Retired within the penſive cell.

O thou! my mingled joy and woe,
Sweet ſource of every burſting ſigh!
Who bidd'ſt theſe ſilent ſorrows flow,
Hail! heaven-born, ſoothing memory!

The ſky is clad in tendereſt blue,
And zephyr ſpreads his balmy wing:
The bending floret weeps with dew;
The bird's ſoft ſong ſalutes the ſpring.

Yet far retir'd from this gay ſcene,
From ſolitude and thee I ſeek
My friend's ſoft ſigh, her ſmile ſerene,
Her ſpeaking eye, her moiſten'd cheek.

Come then, and ſooth my labouring heart!
Come awful power; come ſweeteſt maid!
O haſte! my Lucia's ſmile impart,
And leave the mountain's ragged ſhade.

ELIZA.

WRITTEN AT AN INN.

HERE too, thy name, ſweet maid, ſhall ſtand,
And faireſt in the liſt be found,
Where many an artleſs traveller's hand,
His fair one's praiſes ſcrawls around.

Afreſh at every ſtage he grieves,
That bears him farther from her arms,
And fondly ſtill behind him leaves,
Some frail memorial of her charms.

So pines and bleeds the ſtricken hart,
And as he flies betrays his wound,
Drags to the ſhades the rankling dart,
And marks with crimſon drops the ground.

Stranger, to this dear name be kind,
While far her lover roves forlorn,
Pity the anguiſh of his mind,
From the ſoft ſmiles of beauty torn.

So to thy deſtin'd journey's end,
Be HOPE companion of thy way,
And there thy miſtreſs, or thy friend,
With truth unchang'd thy toil repay.

CONTENT.

'TIS not in pleaſure's giddy round,
'Tis not in mirth, content is found;
It is not in a monarch's treaſures;
It is not in a ſultan's pleaſures;
It is not in a ſumptuous board;
It is not in a miſer's hoard;
It is not in the ſparkling bowl,
For 'tis not wine that ſooths the ſoul.
She ſits not at preferment's gate;
She waits not on a prince's ſtate;
But in the cot of roſy health,
Careleſs of luxury and wealth;
Or by ſome ſlow'ry river's ſide,
Or in ſome wood, at even tide,
Content and all her bliſsful train reſide.

MOTIVES *for* WAR.

'TIS for room, and for food
That men fight and ſhed blood;
When ſufficiently thinn'd, the inducement will ceaſe:
There'll be room for us all
When our numbers are ſmall,
And the few that are left will have more bread and cheeſe.